

OPERATION AVOIDED

EXPERIENCE OF MISS MERKLEY

She Was Told That an Operation Was Inevitable. How She Escaped It

When a physician tells a woman suffering with ovarian or womb trouble that an operation is necessary, the very thought of the knife and the operating table strikes terror to her heart, and our hospitals are full of women coming for ovarian or womb operations.



There are cases where an operation is the only resource, but when one considers the great number of cases of ovarian and womb trouble cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after physicians have advised operations, no woman should submit to one without first trying the Vegetable Compound and writing Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is free.

Miss Margaret Merkley of 275 Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"Loss of strength, extreme nervousness, shooting pains through the pelvic organs, bearing down pains and cramps compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor, after making an examination, said I had ovarian trouble and ulceration and advised an operation. To this I strongly objected and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The ulceration quickly healed, all the bad symptoms disappeared and I am once more strong, vigorous and well."

Ovarian and womb troubles are steadily on the increase among women. If the monthly periods are very painful, or too frequent and excessive—if you have pain or swelling low down in the left side, bearing down pains, leucorrhoea, don't neglect yourself; try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

SHADOW CAST BEFORE.

Last Fall Hay Said He Would Not Live Another Year.

Washington, D. C., July 7.—James Dubois, a state department official, told Wednesday of a conversation in which Secretary Hay intimated accurately the length of time he had to live.

It was a little less than a year ago that Mr. Dubois, with C. K. Berryman, the cartoonist, called upon Mr. Hay. In the course of the conversation Mr. Berryman asked Mr. Hay how long he had been secretary of state.

"Six years," replied Mr. Hay. "I have served longer than any other secretary except Hamilton Fish, who served for eight years."

"Mr. Secretary," said Mr. Dubois, "we all hope you may remain in President Roosevelt's cabinet during the next four years; that will give you 10 years as head of the department of state and will break Mr. Fish's record by two years."

"He looked at us with a very earnest and grave expression," said Mr. Dubois, in telling the story, "and said very firmly: 'No, I shall not live to serve another year.' We were inexpressibly grieved and shocked at these words because they were spoken with so much solemnity. We left the secretary deeply impressed with what he had said, for we felt that if his words came true not only this country, but the world would lose a friend that could not be replaced."

BLOWN INTO THE LAKE.

Child Strapped in Carriage Is Drowned Near Newburgh.

Newburgh, N. Y., July 7.—Anson G. Brandon, the 20-months-old child of Frank Brandon, and grandson of A. G. Hupfel, the New York brewer, was drowned in the lake on the Hupfel estate near her 5th.

The nurse in charge strapped the baby in its carriage, then left the carriage near the edge of the lake and went away for a few moments. When she returned the carriage and baby had been blown into the lake.

Speck Goes Home.

New York, July 7.—Baron von Sternburg, the German ambassador at Washington and Baroness von Sternburg, sailed for Germany yesterday on the steamship Bremen. He is on a three months' vacation.

TWO NATIONS HONOR HERO

Transfer of Paul Jones' Body to U. S. Navy.

IMPOSING CHURCH SCENE

French Troops and American Marines March Around Catafalque in Place des Invalides—Big Crowds Cheer Our Men.

Paris, July 7.—The ceremonies immediately attendant on the removal of the body of Paul Jones from France to the United States, began here yesterday.

The body was formally delivered to the representatives of the United States at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the American church on the Avenue de l'Alma.

A company of the 115th regiment of the line, with a band of music, awaited at the station the arrival from Cherbourg of the American escort. It arrived punctually at 11:40 o'clock. The men looked healthy and business-like. The escort consisted of marines and a detachment of bluejackets from each of the four vessels in Admiral Sigsbee's squadron. The men were drawn up in a double line on the station platform, facing the French troops, whose band played "Hail, Columbia," and the "Marseillaise," the French colors saluting the one and the American colors the other. The escort then marched away, with the Frenchmen preceding, to the military school, where breakfast was served. Crowds along the route gave cheers for the Americans.

A banquet was given at the ministry of marine Wednesday evening in honor of Gen. Porter and Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, the special ambassadors from the United States. M. Thomson, the minister of marine, said that he greeted them as sons of a free country, of a nation which for a century past had made gigantic strides in the path of civilization and which at the present time, under the presidency of the eminent man in whose honor he lifted his glass, proving that the sole desire and noblest mission of a great and powerful nation was at all times and in all places to maintain or restore peace.

MR. ROOT AS LAWYER HAS EXTENSIVE PRACTICE

New Secretary of State, Turned 60, Is One of the Most Astute Practitioners in the Country.

Elihu Root, who has just been appointed secretary of state to succeed the late John Hay, was secretary of war during much of President McKinley's administration, and is today considered one of the most astute lawyers in the country, with a legal practice in New York that is said to be more valuable than that of any other American barrister.

Born in Clinton, Oneida county, N. Y., on Feb. 15, 1845, Secretary Root has just turned his 60th year, although in appearance he scarcely looks to be over 50. His father was professor of mathematics in Hamilton College and the younger Root necessarily obtained an excellent education. Completing his studies at Hamilton, he selected law as his profession and was graduated at the Harvard law school with honorable mention. He was admitted to the bar shortly after his graduation and began his practice in New York city.

Those were stirring days in municipal politics, and young Root strode into the contest with a determination to achieve fame that was recognized even at this early age as sure to lead him to high positions.

He was a staunch Republican, but had little sympathy with the machine, and he had repeated quarrels with the leaders, notably Senator T. C. Platt in 1890, when the latter exercised his influence to oust the brilliant young lawyer from the chairmanship of the executive committee of the 21st assembly district.

In 1879 Mr. Root ran successfully for the judgeship of the court of common pleas in New York, but in 1883 President Chester A. Arthur appointed him district attorney to succeed Stewart L. Woodbury in the southern district of New York, which he held for two years, resigning when Grover Cleveland was elected President of the United States. In 1886 Mr. Root was appointed chairman of the Republican county committee of New York.

Mr. Root prepared the primary law, which was adopted, and other valuable measures. Before the state convention which nominated Theodore Roosevelt for governor, Mr. Root played an important part and succeeded in defeating opposition to the nomination on the ground that the late colonel of the Rough Riders was not eligible to election.

Mr. Root was a junior for the defense when "Boss" Tweed was tried in the famous criminal action. On July 21, 1899, under President McKinley, Mr. Root became secretary of war to succeed Gen. Russell A. Alger. Mr. Root retained the war portfolio after the assassination of President McKinley and resigned it on Aug. 20, 1902. Since that time he has been practicing in New York city. Mr. Root is a member of many famous clubs and has been president of the Union League Club of New York.

A QUARTET OF QUAKER RANGES FREE

A Quaker Range Voting Contest Absolutely Without Precedent.

4 QUAKER RANGES FREE

The Times Offers This Number to the Four Ladies Who Receive the Most Votes Under Conditions Indicated Below.

The QUAKER RANGE is world famous, and is well known to the good cooks of Vermont. It is made by the White Warner Co., a guarantee of good faith, and is sold by leading dealers everywhere. All persons unfamiliar with its merits may secure, on application at this office, a full description of this excellent range.

How the Ranges Will Be Distributed.

Range No. 1.—To the lady receiving the most votes in Berlin, Williamstown (excepting Foxville or that portion of Granville not in Williamstown), Brookfield and that part of Barre town west of Stevens' Brook.

Range No. 2.—To the lady receiving the most votes in Barre town east of Stevens' branch and that part of Granville and Foxville located in Williamstown.

Range No. 3.—To the lady receiving the most votes in Orange, Washington, Chelsea or West Topsham.

Range No. 4.—To the lady receiving the most votes in East Montpelier, Plainfield, Marshfield, Groton, Cabot or Calais.

Contest Begins June 20.

The contest will begin June 20 and close Sept. 21 at 9 p. m. Ranges will be delivered immediately.

Special Announcement.

In case that two bona fide contestants do not appear in any contest, or that the total number of votes in any contest fails to reach 1,000, the prizes in that contest will be withdrawn and will be awarded to the lady receiving the highest second in any other contest.

Conditions of the Contest.

One range will be given to the lady receiving the highest number of votes in any contest.

No coupons will be sold at this office and no papers will be sold in quantities. No coupons will be printed in the paper, but will be issued as specified in the paragraph following.

One twenty-five vote coupon will be issued for every \$1.25 that is paid in on subscriptions to the Times, but no coupons will be issued for fractional parts of a dollar, or for any subscription of less than six months. This applies to either old or new subscribers. One twenty-five vote coupon for every \$1.25 paid, no more, no less.

To prevent trading among contestants, those who receive coupons should fill them out at once. No coupon will be counted upon which two names appear, even if one of them has been erased. After coupons are once credited no transfer will be made.

Any contestant is at liberty to canvass anywhere for subscriptions no matter where she resides, but the prize winner must be a bona fide resident of the town to which the range is to be awarded, as indicated above.

Any one intending to canvass for these ranges should write to this office at once for instructions, and printed matter.

All votes recorded in the Times will be held and be open for the inspection by any candidate until after the contest closes.

PLAINFIELD MAN ROBBED.

Max Swirid Claims He Lost Wad in Burlington.

Burlington, July 7.—The preliminary hearing in the case of William Brown and John Kaley, the two young men accused of the highway robbery of the Russian, Max Swirid, of Plainfield, early in the morning of July 4, was held in city court yesterday. The examination of Swirid occupied the entire morning, his English being rather defective and his intellectual powers in general not being of the highest order. Abe Bloom, the shoemaker, did some of the interpreting.

Swirid after a lot of useless talk said that he came to Burlington from Plainfield with \$130. He put up at a place on Battery street and his first adventure was to lose \$5 which a well known woman character stole from him the evening of July 3. He hung around the streets until 12 o'clock and a policeman told him to go home or he would put him in.

About this time, according to Swirid, he saw three men coming up the street behind him. When they caught up with him one of them asked him for 50 cents to buy some liquor. He said he had no money. Then one of the crowd jumped upon him and seized hold of his body, another put his hand over his mouth and the third went through the unfortunate's pockets, taking therefrom \$25. Swirid called for help. Officer Luck came to the scene and arrested Brown and Kaley. The third man escaped. Swirid did not know who the third man was and only caught a glimpse of Brown and Kaley.

The defence put in no evidence Brown and Kaley were held in \$700 bail each which they furnished.

BULLET WOUND IN HIS HEAD

John L. McGowan Jr., of Boston Killed in Bellows Falls.

WAS SHOT BY HIS COUSIN

Latter Is Nearly Crazed With Grief—Sad Ending of a Family Reunion—Much Sympathy Over the Affair.

Bellows Falls, July 7.—The community was shocked to learn of the accidental shooting of John L. McGowan, Jr., aged 15 years, by his cousin, Gerald McGowan, of this place, while at play at about 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, which resulted in his death yesterday.

His father, J. L. McGowan, of Boston and the son came Sunday to attend a reunion of the McGowan family in Gageville and were stopping with F. R. McGowan, a brother of J. L. McGowan. Some of the boys had gone down to the bridge across Saxtons river, near the basket factory, and it was while playing on the other side of the bridge in the woods that the accident occurred. Gerald McGowan had a 32-calibre revolver and seeing a bird on a bush near by took aim and fired. It is said that his cousin was lying on the ground near by and raised up just in time to receive the bullet in the center of his forehead. Gerald summoned help and his cousin was carried to F. R. McGowan's and physicians summoned. He never regained consciousness after the accident. The bullet lodged in the brain and although it was probed for could not be located. The unfortunate boy's brother in Boston was telegraphed and came yesterday afternoon. Gerald McGowan was prostrated over the affair and is brokenhearted. Much sympathy is being expressed over the unfortunate occurrence.

Country Without Soldiers.

The principality of Liechtenstein, situated between Austria and Switzerland, is the only country in Europe without an army. The reigning prince resides at Vaduz, the capital of the principality.

Thirty Miles From a Station.

The most out of the way village in England is said to be that of Farley-cum-Piton. This truly rural spot is over thirty miles from the nearest railway station.

The Solanaceae Plant.

Chills and cayenne pepper come from the same plant—the genus known as the solanaceae. They are of a shrubby, bushy nature, and are grown very largely in tropical and subtropical countries, particularly in Mexico and Chile; hence their name. The fruit—the red pods—when simply dried become the familiar chills, and when ground cayenne pepper is formed.

Church in a Farm Yard.

Few more curious places for a church could be found than one at Southern Delabere, which stands in the middle of a farm yard. The only means of entrance is by passing through the yard.

FILES, FILES AND FILES.

We have a large line of Letter Files, Bill and Invoice Files, etc. There are no better Files on the market today for 25c than Ward's No. 49, and the Favorite. The Favorite we have in three sizes, Postal, Note and Letter. For a little more money you can get the Eureka, Falcon and Shannon. Come in and let us show you this line before you buy elsewhere.

IDEAL BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

Hale's Block, Next Door to People's Shoe Store. W. FRANK HARRIS.

Special Low Prices for Saturday

Pay Cash and Get Your Rebate Checks.

Home Cured Bacon, per pound.....	14c	Fresh Native Pig Pork Shoulders, per pound.....	12c
Home Cured Hams, per pound.....	14c	Beef Roasts, per pound.....	12 1/2 to 18c
Home Cured Hams, sliced.....	20c	Nice Fresh Native Fowls, per pound.....	22c
A good Beef Steak, per pound.....	16c	Fresh Made Beef Sausage, per pound.....	10c
Fresh Native Pig Pork Chops, per pound.....	14c	Fresh Made Pork Sausage, per pound.....	10c

Rhubarb, Cabbage, New Potatoes, Beets, Carrots, Turnips, and Parsley at lowest market prices.

CHESSER & BIRD,

Telephone 232-12
323 North Main Street. Meats and Groceries.

Bottled Soda! Mineral Waters!

Sodas and Mineral Waters supplied for all occasions on short notice. The purest and best goods. Delivered anywhere in the city.

M. J. MCGOWAN,

Telephone 118-2. 107 South Main Street.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

The Ace of Hearts

[Original.]

It will only be practicable for me to tell this story by concealing location and names, for what I reveal is a government secret implicating my sovereign.

I was born a noble in the principality of Engendorf. I was in favor at court, having been a page to the hereditary prince from the time I was ten years old. I grew up near a little maid of honor to the princess, the Countess Heloise, and we were lovers from the moment we met. The crown prince was about my age and an inveterate gambler. He would invite a number of us to his apartments in his father's palace and keep us playing till cock crow. In the group was the Duke of Selzerin, a young man of far higher rank than I, who had opened negotiations for the hand of the Countess Heloise. He was considered the best catch in the principality, and the only bar to his winning the countess was her love for me. This he well knew, and hated me accordingly.

One night after we had exhausted the interest to be derived from European games we received an invitation from the crown prince to play the American game of poker. I was seated on one side of the prince and the Duke of Selzerin on the other. The prince had been losing heavily for some weeks and was on the verge of financial difficulty. During the evening I felt his hand against my outside pocket. Suddenly the duke threw down his cards and said he would play no longer with a cheat. To prove his charge he called upon me to produce what was in my pocket—the pocket next to the prince. I did so, and took out an ace of hearts. The duke gave me a glance as much as to say, "I have got you where I want you."

I was appalled. I knew full well that the prince had had more cards in his possession than he was entitled to and had put one of them in my pocket. My enemy had seen him do it. I called several of my best friends into another room for consultation and told them the facts. They were unanimous in the opinion that it would never do for me to accuse the prince and that the only safety was to hush the matter up. They returned to the prince and the duke and earnestly recommended this course. The prince was glad enough to accede to it, and the duke reluctantly consented. How well he kept his promise is evident from the fact that within a week I was a cut man for cheating at cards.

I summoned those of my friends who had been present at the game and told them that I had no recourse but to accuse the prince of having put the ace

of hearts in my pocket. Every one of them remonstrated at such a course and asked me how I would prove my case. When I told them I would call on them to do so they reminded me that all they could testify to was that the card had been in my pocket.

I saw at once that I was in the duke's power. Not only must I live the life of a disgraced man, but must lose my love. Indeed, the engagement between him and the countess was announced that very day. I retired to the small estate I had inherited from my father and shut myself up.

I soon heard that my misfortune had occasioned one of the greatest scandals that had ever occurred at the capital. That the prince should have been playing with one who had cheated at cards horrified the more conservative, especially the religious element, and occasioned the government a great deal of annoyance. But that which set people's tongues wagging with the greatest earnestness was that none of those present except the duke, who was to marry the most popular woman in the principality, would admit that I had been guilty of any misdemeanor.

One day while I was walking disconsolately in my grounds I saw a carriage stop in the road and some one within beckoning to me. I went to it and found Heloise. She asked me to get in with her, and when I had done so she drew the curtains and the coachman drove away. Then she confided me by all that had passed between us for so many years either to confess that the accusations against me were true or explain them. I asked her why she had not called for an explanation before, and she said that she had been watched by her father, who had accepted the duke for her, to the end that she should not communicate with me. Then she again begged me to solve the mystery.

I gave her the story, except that I did not accuse the prince. I had no reason to do so. The facts were enough to convince her that the man she was about to marry had ruined me to serve his own purpose with her. After I had finished she sat for some time in silence, then said:

"I am as sure of the truth of your statement as if I had seen all you say transpire. But you must live the rest of your life in disgrace. The prince cannot be forced to bear his own sin. There is one thing I can do," she added, laying her hand on mine and looking into my eyes with her own honest and sympathetic ones—"I can share the burden with you."

How or why I finally consented to permit her to do so I do not care to reveal. She drove me back to my own gate and left me there. The next day her engagement with the duke was broken, and in another week her engagement with me astonished everybody. On the sending out of our wedding cards I slipped into the one sent to the duke an ace of hearts.

ALBERT ANDERSON.

Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral. When threatened with consumption. It controls the cough, allays inflammation, soothes, heals. Even in advanced cases, it sometimes cures, always relieves. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.